

THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

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THE FIRST SPRING FLOWERS.

For The Dayspring.

FAMOUS ENGLISH CASTLES AND ABBEYS.

NO. VII.

WHEN the Romans conquered Britain, they rebuilt an ancient British town, about twenty miles north-west of London, on the river Lea, calling it Verulamium, and granted it some of the privileges of Roman citizens.

The Roman road leading thence to London was afterwards called by the Saxons Watling Street. This town, and also London, were destroyed in A.D. 60 by the British Queen, Boadicea; and 90,000 of the Romans and their British allies were killed. Verulam was afterwards rebuilt by the Romans.

Many of the ancient Britons had been converted to Christianity; and, during the persecution of the Christians under the Emperor Diocletian, many of them suffered torture and death for their faith.

One clergyman of Verulam, escaping from his persecutors, was concealed in the dwelling-house of a man named *Alban*, who, though an idolater, shielded him from discovery. Through the admonitions and instructions of the priest, *Alban* was converted to Christianity. When the house was searched for the priest, *Alban* presented himself to the soldiers instead of his guest, clad in the long habit or garment which the latter wore, thus deceiving the soldiers, who bound him and led him before the judge, who was standing before an altar offering sacrifices to demons. The judge recognized *Alban*, and commanded he should suffer the punishment due to the priest, unless he delivered him to his persecutors. *Alban*, not daunted by the threats, now publicly declared himself a Christian, and that he would not deliver up his friend. That judge then condemned him to be scourged, cruelly tortured, and then to be put to death.

Being led to execution, *Alban* came to the little river Lea, which ran rapidly between the wall of Verulam and the place of execution. His progress was here impeded by the multitude of persons assembled; but it is said that the water of the stream immediately dried up for the passage of the good man. He ascended the hill, which was clothed with flowers and sloped down to a beautiful plain. *Alban* here prayed for water for drink, and immediately a living spring gushed up at his feet; then the river, after performing this holy service, sank under the hill, and returned to its natural course.

On this hill called Holmhurst, or a woody place, *Alban* was beheaded; and here his remains were interred, 19 June, A.D. 293.

About one hundred and fifty years after *Alban's* death, Germanus, a bishop of Auxerre, sent on a mission to Britain, ordered the remains to be exhumed. They were placed in a wooden coffin with many holy relics, and with great solemnity restored to the earth. A rude wooden church was erected over the spot, where many miracles were said to be wrought. On the invasion of the pagan Saxons, this church was destroyed, and all trace of the martyr's resting-place became lost.

About three hundred years after this Saxon invasion, Offa, King of Mercia, invited the Prince of the East Angles to his court, on pretence of marrying him to his daughter; but he murdered him, and then seized his domains. To expiate this crime, Offa desired to found an abbey; so he reported to his bishop that he had had a vision of an angel, who had told him to raise out of the earth the body of the first British martyr, *Alban*, and place it in a suitable shrine. On an appointed day in the year 791, the king, bishops, and a great crowd of people met at Verulam to search for the grave of *Alban*, with prayers, fastings, and alms. Their

pious exertions were soon rewarded with success; the spot was found, the grave was opened, and the body with the holy relics was found just as they had been placed by Germanus. Of course, the bishop had arranged a body, with relics around it, and had had it put in the grave; wishing thus, by deceiving the king, to secure the founding of an abbey.

Offa then encircled the skull with a gold band, with this inscription engraved thereon in Latin, "This is the body of *Saint Alban*, first martyr of England." The coffin was then conveyed in solemn procession to a small chapel without the walls of Verulam.

An abbey, including the numerous buildings, was soon erected near the site of the grave, and received the name of

SAINT ALBAN'S ABBEY.

The bones of the martyr, who was now promoted to the dignity of a saint, were placed in the Abbey Church. As Saint Alban was the first Christian martyr of England, the Pope granted the abbot of this abbey a superiority over all the other abbots in England.

In 950 the Danes invaded England; and, hearing of the fame of St. Alban, a party of them came to the abbey, broke open the tomb and seized the bones of the saint, carrying some of them to their own country. Here they built a costly shrine, in which they placed the bones, hoping they would be adored with the like veneration in Denmark as they had been in England. Such was not the case; and, after a time, the bones were restored to the Abbey at St. Alban's. About a century after, during another invasion of the Danes, the bones of the saint were carefully concealed by the abbot, and other bones substituted in their place in the coffin; but, when peace was assured, the true bones were returned to the coffin.

After the Norman Conquest, the *present* Cathedral or Abbey Church was commenced, and was consecrated in 1115. This church is not only itself of great age, but it was constructed of the fragments of many *Roman* buildings in Verulam.

It is 556 feet in length, being longer than any other cathedral in England. The central tower is 150 feet high; and there are two transepts, each 190 feet long. The carved oak ceiling of the Norman lantern is 102 feet from the pavement.

A magnificent *shrine* of *silver-gilt*, for the holy martyr, was erected behind the great altar in the Cathedral; but, on removing the saint's remains to place them therein, it was found that one of the shoulder-bones was missing. A few years afterwards, this bone was restored to the Abbey by some monks who had carried it to Germany. With great festivity and rejoicing, in 1129 the bone was restored to the shrine, and the anniversary of the day was observed for many years with festivities.

There never was seen a shrine more splendid and noble. It was in the form of an altar-tomb, with a lofty canopy over it, supported by four pillars, and upon the altar the saint was represented as lying in great state. Within the shrine was the coffin, enclosed in an outer case, on two sides of which were embossed figures in gold and silver, portraying the chief events in the saint's life. At the head of the coffin was a large crucifix, ornamented with splendid jewels; and at one side of the coffin was the image of the Virgin, and that of St. John on the other. Another image of the Virgin on a throne, holding the Infant Christ in her arms, was of gold enriched with precious stones. The four pillars which supported the canopy were shaped like towers, with apertures like windows, all of plate gold. The inside of the canopy was covered with crystal

stones. A stately screen was erected enclosing the shrine, so that the latter might be seen only on great and solemn occasions.

The offerings at this shrine were magnificent. Henry III. gave thirty rich palls or cloaks of silk for the shrine, three bracelets of gold to be affixed thereto, two necklaces, twelve talents of gold, valuable rings, and a large silver cup in which to place the dust and ashes of the Martyr. His queen presented a rich altar-cloth of tissue of gold. Edward III. presented a crucifix of gold set with pearls, silver-gilt cups, &c. Kings yearly paid large sums of money for masses to be said at this celebrated shrine for their deceased relatives.

Near the shrine was the *Watch-room*, where the monks received the donations of the devotees, and where they kept constant guard over the riches of the shrine.

In the reigns of Henry VIII. and of Edward VI. the numerous buildings of the Abbey of St. Albans were destroyed, the Cathedral or Abbey Church alone being spared.

About one hundred years after, the *interior* of the *cathedral* was plundered by Cromwell's soldiers, the magnificent shrine was destroyed, and its relics scattered and lost. Only one large monument of brass, of any value, escaped destruction. This is of one of the abbots in his robes, and is curiously engraven.

Therefore, not a vestige now remains of this once splendid Abbey of St. Albans, with its numerous buildings, excepting the plundered cathedral, and one large stone gateway.

The name of the ancient town of Verulam was changed to St. Albans, and is in the County of Hertfordshire. In 1832 a fund was raised to repair the stately cathedral.

One of the monks of St. Albans was *Caxton*, the *first printer* of England, who, in

1474, set up the first printing-press in England, at Westminster.

MAUD RIBBERFORD.

For The Dayspring.

SNOW IN APRIL.

THIS morning, as I set my eyes on
Yon far hills looming in the horizon,
They seemed to lift their heads, all white-capped,
Like sluggards lifting theirs up, night-capped,
From morning nap awaked too early,
(Only *these* looked surprised, *not* surly;
They rather seemed as if their gaze meant
Not anger, but a mild amazement),
And to my hill-top peering over,
Appeared a Yankee to discover,
And, seeing I stood somewhat higher,
With wistful look they seemed to inquire:
"You possibly can clear, good neighbor,
The grave doubts under which we labor.
We cannot guess what time of day 'tis:
About what time, sir, should you say 'tis,
On the great year-clock? We were deeming
(But possibly were only dreaming)
That Spring had come, and sap was springing
In trees and grass, and birds were singing, —
Oh, how they cheered the morning hours,
Dear souls! with all their vocal powers!
Winter's last skirmishes seemed flying;
Like mats before Spring's door-way lying,
A few snow-patches lay, where shadows
Of evergreens fell on the meadows;
A faint gray o'er the trees was stealing,
That seemed like Spring's gray dawn, revealing
The hour when May should see, awaking,
The sunny blaze of blossoms breaking.
Oh, in this balmy April weather
What fragrant odors blend together!
Sweetly the scent of bonfires mingles
With earth's fresh breath from copse and dingles;
The evening skies, how soft their gleaming! —
Say, *were* we then, or *are* we dreaming?
Did Spring gales yesterday breathe o'er us?
Is savage winter now before us?
So seemed the hills, in snow caps glistening,
To whisper (I in spirit listening).
The day wore on, the sun went under;
The morn came up, another wonder!
'Twas Spring again; I bent my eyes on
The hills that lined the far horizon;

Their snowy caps no longer wearing,
 Their heads to the soft breezes baring,
 With sparkling eyes the world they greeted,
 And earth and heaven the smile repeated;
 And the broad landscape, hill and river,
 Saluted with them the Joy-giver. C. T. B.
 On the Hudson.

For The Dayspring.

THE GAME OF BALL.

BY C. DORA NICKERSON.

I PASSED a group of boys who were having a nice game of ball; and, after I had walked a little way from them, I turned back to watch them, and was thinking how I wished fashion would let the little girls play such healthy games, for the boys' cheeks were like roses. Their jackets were off, and they were throwing themselves heart and soul into their game.

I was thinking what a pretty sight it was, and how it promoted health, when my pleasant musings were rudely broken in upon by a loud oath from one, a vulgar word from another, a threat from another backed by another oath.

The charm of the game was gone. Here they were having exercise to make the body grow healthy and strong, but weakening and cramping the soul.

I turned back and said, —

"Well, boys, are you having a good game?"

"Yes, ma'am," said two or three in a breath.

"But I see you don't play it just right," said I.

"Why, Miss Nickerson, do you know how to play ball?"

"Not the whole game as you play it, for I most certainly should leave out one part that you put in. It's a part that makes you much more work, and doesn't help the game a bit, beside damaging one part of you so much that you'll feel it for ever."

"Getting cold and having the neuralgia?" asked one, whose face was swollen with toothache.

"Yes, it will give to this part that I speak of pangs and pains that but few can cure after they are grown to be men, and that generally go down to the grave with them; and it isn't generally believed that any medicine can help it afterward."

Their eyes opened with wonder. They looked down upon themselves, and were entirely at a loss to know what I meant.

"Can't you think what part of you you are injuring," asked I.

"Father says ball is the healthiest game I can play; he's a doctor, and ought to know, I think," answered a bright-eyed boy.

"But there's only one physician can cure this part of you," said I, "so it is very necessary that you shouldn't injure it." No one spoke. My meaning began to be a little clearer.

"Look here, boys: suppose there was a nice spring of water just below your school-house, and you brought water from it every day for the scholars to drink; and suppose one day that you went for a bucket of water as usual, and found an old dead dog laid right in the stream, that some wicked person had placed there. Should you dip up your bucket full as usual?"

"No, ma'am; of course not," answered they.

"Well, what would you do?"

"I should get Captain Smith's pitch-fork and take it out and bury it," answered Frankie.

"Why?"

"Because it's nasty," said Bennie.

"Is that all the reason?"

"Because the water wouldn't be healthy; the decaying dog would poison the whole stream," spoke up Reubie.

"That's the point I've been aiming at; but,

boys, do you know that you've something about you this very minute worse than a dozen dead dogs hung about your necks, because it's an easy matter to take them off, you know."

They looked down again.

"Dirt?" queried one, whose pants showed traces of wallowing in the yellow sand.

"Yes; dirt, and a great deal worse than dirt, because water can't wash it off of this particular part of you," said I. "Now can you tell me what part it is that I mean?"

"The soul," spoke one in a low tone.

"That's the part I mean. Now, what part of the game did you play that I have never learned," said I to Canie.

"The *swearing part*, ma'am," said he, with blushing cheeks.

"You're right. You think it would be very bad to drink water that had flowed over a dead dog; but, when you swear or use vulgar words, you are drinking water that is ten times more poisonous to the soul. You are forming habits of profanity that may never be broken off, for men seldom cure soul-diseases contracted in boyhood. You're making yourselves more work; you're fouling your mouths, you're drinking poison yourself, and pouring it out for those who are around you. You must break it off from *this very moment*; and what Great Physician can you ask to help you?"

"God," answered Mervyn.

"I sincerely hope that, when I pass this play ground again, you will not be throwing poison around as you were to-day. I'll assure you I shan't take any; but I don't want the smaller ones to help themselves, as they will, if you throw it around so generously. Now go back to your game and try to think of this little sermon. So saying, I walked on, hoping for better things ere I should pass that play ground again.

SOUTH HARWICH, Mass.

KING ALFRED AND THE ORPHAN.

KING Alfred sat in his palace hall,
And thanes of high degree
Were crowding round, to proffer him
Service on bended knee.

"Where's the brave Earl of Holderness?"
The good King Alfred cried.
"King, know'st thou not last Martinmas
He and his lady died?"

Said Wulph, the strong arm, "Therefore, grant
To me his towers and land;
Thou know'st me well for warrior bold,
Unmatched my lance and brand."

"Nay, king, remember when I went
Across the seas for thee,
My wisdom, more than strongest arm,
Was felt: so grant them me."

Thurstan, the wise, thus spake; when, lo!
Swift through the gathering throng,
A worn, pale woman pressed, who led
A little child along, —

A little child of five years old,
A little child most fair;
"Justice, King Alfred," thus she cried,
"Behold that good Earl's heir."

"No sire hath he by word or sword
To win his birthright lands;
Friendless and motherless, to thee
He lifts his little hands, —

"Oh, heed his claim, — the orphan's claim!"
"His claim!" right scornfully
Cried the warlike thanes; "our king needs men,
Not babes on their nurse's knee;

"Bold hearts, stout arms, — what could that child
If the lands to him were given!"
The child looked up with his soft blue eyes, —
"I would pray to God in heaven."

King Alfred gazed upon the boy
Full long and earnestly,
And then upon his angry thanes,
Who watched him eagerly;
At length the good king rose, and thus
With solemn voice spake he:

"All praise unto the statesman wise,
Praise to the warrior too;
Right gladly to each faithful thane
Will the king yield guerdon due;

"But to this child—this little child—
Must his birthright lands be given;
For the orphan's claim is the weightiest,
His father is God in heaven!"

Christian Weekly.

PEPIN THE SHORT.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF LÉON DE LANJON.)

PEPIN, son of Charles Martel, and father of Charlemagne, was the chief of the second line of kings of France.

He was a rude warrior, a man of indefatigable activity and iron will. But he was small of stature, and for that reason was surnamed the Short (*Pépin le Bref*), and under that title is always known in history. This surname was almost an injury in that age; for, at a time when war was the ordinary state of society, the quality most highly valued was great physical strength. Even the lords who surrounded Pepin, and who prided themselves on having placed him on the throne, often laughed among themselves at his short stature. Some even went so far as to say that it was mortifying to be commanded by a man whose head hardly came up to their shoulders. Pepin was told of these remarks. He let them talk, but made up his mind to give them a lesson.

One day he invited them to a fête, where they were to see a fight between a lion and a bull. In those days it was considered a most attractive show. All the nobles assembled there, and took places in the amphitheatre of the circus, put up for this great occasion.

Soon the animals were brought into the arena.

They were two savage beasts, one about as ferocious as the other. The lion, with bristling mane, his tail beating his sides, entered with so loud a roar that it made the spectators tremble; the bull, with large and powerful neck, armed with his terrible horns, appeared with his head bowed down, waiting to pierce his enemy. The fight went on: the ground was red with blood. All present followed this fearful struggle with a curiosity mingled with terror.

All of a sudden Pepin rose, and turning to his nobles:

"Which of you," cried he, "dares to separate these two animals?"

At these words, they all looked at each other, astonished; but no one was brave enough to accept this perilous defiance, and they kept silence.

"Very well," then said Pepin, "it shall be the smallest one among you."

Immediately, sabre in hand, he threw himself into the arena, while all the spectators shuddered at his audacity. He advanced towards the two animals, who, furious at their mutual resistance, fought with an ever-increasing rage, and made the dust fly from under their feet, and roared frightfully. Fearless, he walked up to them; with one blow of his sabre, he cut off the lion's head, and with a back stroke killed the bull.

Then he turned to the spectators, the bloody sabre in his hand.

"Now," said he to them, "do you find me worthy to command you?"

While some, confused, remained silent, and others answered with enthusiastic shouts, he added:

"Goliath was larger than David, but David killed Goliath. Know that the worth of a man is not measured by his height."

From that day every one said: "Pepin is small of stature, but he is none the less a great warrior and a great king."

THE THREE SIEVES.

"Oh mother!" cried little Blanche Philpott, "I heard such a tale about Edith Howard! I did not think she could be so very naughty. "One—"

"My dear," interrupted Mrs. Philpott, "before you continue, we will see if your story will pass through the three sieves."

"What does that mean, mother?" inquired Blanche.

"I will explain it. In the first place, is it true?"

"I suppose so; I got it from Miss White, and she is a great friend of Edith."

"If you can prove it to be true, is it kind?"

"I am afraid it is not. I should not like Edith to speak of me as I have spoken of her."

"And is it necessary?"

"No, of course, mother, there was no need for me to mention it at all."

"Then put a bridle on your tongue, dear Blanche, and don't speak of it. If we cannot speak well of our friends, let us not speak of them at all."

Christian Weekly.

For The Dayspring.

MAY'S ADVICE TO A CROCUS.

MISS CROCUS, I know, if I were you,
I would not wake in the cold;
You shiver so, when the bleak winds blow,
And shake all your bells of gold.

So just keep down, in your bed so brown,
Till the Spring is really here,
When bees will come, with merry hum;
And the frost you need not fear.

For I am sad, when I should be glad,
To see you all in a row,
Purple and white, and yellow so bright,
Just the sweetest flowers I know.

For the cruel rain will come again,
And beat down your tender heads;
So please do wait, when the Spring is late,
Snug in your little warm beds.

Then, if you're wise, you'll open your eyes
When the bluebirds come to sing;
When the grass, you know, begins to grow,
And all things tell of the Spring.

Though it is nice to give good advice,
I'm sure you'll do as you please;
You'll come when it blows or rains or snows,
And not a leaf on the trees.

But, Crocus, you see, you're just like me:
I'd like to play out of doors
In my best dress, if mother said "yes,"
No matter how hard it pours.

But then at night I've a bed as white
As one of your own sweet flowers,
Where I hide away, but you must stay
Out there in the darkest hours.

So it makes me sad, instead of glad,
To see you out in the cold;
You shiver so, when the bleak winds blow,
And shake all your bells of gold.

RIPPLE.

ANGELS' MINISTRY.

A TEACHER was explaining to her class the words concerning God's angels, "ministers of His, who do His pleasure," and asked, "How do the angels carry out God's will?" Many answers followed.

One said, "They do it directly."

Another, "They do it with all their heart."

A third, "They do it well."

And, after a pause, a quiet little girl added, "They do it *without asking any questions*."

Early Days.

A poor Irish woman applied to a lady for a flower or two to put in the hand of her dead infant, and when a handsome bouquet was handed her she offered to pay for it, which, of course, was declined, when, with a look full of gratitude, she exclaimed:—

"May the Lord Jesus meet you at the gate of heaven with a crown of roses."



SPRING FLOWERS.

How many little eyes have been looking for the first spring flowers? How glad Emma was to find right in her path, near the trunk of a big tree, the sweet May flowers, the very first the spring had opened for her!

Emma stooped and gathered a little bunch to carry to her mother. Then she hurried home as glad and happy as if she had found shining pieces of gold.

"O mother, the spring has come! Here are the dear little flowers. How sweet and lovely they are!"

Emma was very fond of flowers. Only three days before she had looked for them, and not one could she find. Would they never come, she had asked of her mother, upon returning home!

Every year God sends the flowers in their seasons to tell of his goodness. Even now the violets are trying to open their blue eyes, and the dandelions are pushing up their heads of gold. Soon the trees will put forth their blossoms, and how beautiful every thing will be!

It seems as if the flowers came on purpose to make little girls and boys happy. So the little folks must live out doors all they can with the flowers, and enjoy their sweet company.

This, or something like it, is what Emma said when she saw the flowers:—

Oh, you precious little flowers!
Here you are, you darlings sweet!
Sunny days and gentle showers
Lured you from your safe retreat.

Come to me, and do not fear,
I must breathe your sweetness in;
Come, my mamma's heart to cheer;
O, such love as you shall win!

HOW I SWALLOWED SIX POUNDS
OF OLD IRON.

EVERYBODY knows the Boston cream cakes, puffy without and creamy within,—cakes such as the Boston Association of Unitarian Ministers used always to enjoy at its meetings. Well, this is a story of such a cake; how I came by it, and what I did with it.

First, as to how I came by it, I *bought* it. Whence came the money to buy it with? Well, thereby hangs a tale, a *short* one. I earned the money by gathering old iron. Boys, did *you* ever collect old iron? It came in the shape of old nails, screws, bits of hoop, picked up anywhere in the alley behind the house, in the street, knocked out of old shingles and boards. It is a slow business, getting a pound of old iron in such small fragments; but mother threw in the remains of a skillet which providentially broke at about that time.

After long waiting, the pile of old iron was large enough to sell. So my *elders* said. As for me, I was only eight years old, and in a mortal hurry. I thought there was enough for a sale before the bottom of the box was covered, and the waiting was *longer* than it was *patient*. When permission was at last

given to sell, I hunted up a big boy who knew where there was a junk shop, and who was willing to show me the way. The keeper of the shop was a grim old fellow in a red shirt. In silence he weighed my precious accumulations, which ruthlessly he poured into the scales. Breathless, I waited his decision. It seemed an age till he gave it:—

"Six pounds!" And then he threw the whole heap into a bigger heap on the floor. How much would he pay?

"Half a cent a pound!" Oh, *why* hadn't I asked his price *in advance*. A cent a pound was the least *that* iron was worth. But it was too late. Three cents he laid in my disappointed palm, and it *was* a disappointment indeed! Had all this searching of streets and probing of dust hills, all this scratching of hands and tearing of clothes on rusty nails for six months only brought three cents? That was all, and there they lay, — three dirty coppers in my sorry hand! With sunken heart, I walked home again. What should be done with three cents? In a variety store window I saw cream cakes. How much were they? Three cents each. (They cost more now at retail.) The purchase was made. A cake changed ownership. Six pounds of old iron were transmuted into puff and cream. This is how I bought my cream cake.

Now what did I do with it? Give it to somebody who needed it? Send it to a sick school-mate? Carry it home to the younger brothers and sisters? No, indeed. In three words, I will tell you what I did with that cream cake: "I ate it." Yes, I did; and this is the way I devoured six pounds of old iron; and I have never collected any since.

WHERE the knot is loose the string slip-peth.

For The Dayspring.

LITTLE JUNE.

SCAMPER away, March, April, and May,
You've tried to be pleasant this many a day;
You've melted the snow, that's something to show,
And left us the south winds, eager to blow.

Come in, little June! it's a wonderful boon
To be blessed with a temper that's always in tune;
Your face is so sweet, it is pleasant to meet,
And I'm sure that your playmates are always discreet.

Little June made reply, It's nature, not I;
I have scarcely a shadow to darken my sky;
But, though I'm so blest, I am sure Spring is best,
Since, if life is all Summer, it's hardly a test.

Dear children, it's plain, *no effort* is vain,
March, April, and May had a Summer to gain.
How fair *you* may grow, life's tumult will show:
Little Junes have their bloom, after Springs have their snow.

JAMIE'S FAIRIES.

PATTER, patter across the floor to where I sit in the great easy-chair before the glowing grate, and into my arms climbs little Jamie, come for his good-night talk. Such cosey little talks as we have in the deepening twilight before the lamps are lighted! Then I tell my pet the quaint German legends and dear old nursery tales that were the delight of my own childhood, and in return hear his pretty childish fancies and confidences. Oh, a deal of thinking goes on in the active little brain under Jamie's shining curls!

"Cousin Mame," he says, to-night, "I truly think I saw a fairy to-day, — a little flower fairy."

"Oh, what a fortunate boy! But where? It is early yet for flower fairies."

"This afternoon, when I was out playing in the garden, a little face peeped at me from under the dead leaves; but, when I brushed 'em away, I only found this," — and Jamie

holds up a wee pansy, looking so like a bright, saucy face in the flickering firelight that I can easily account for my pet's fancy.

Do I say so? No, indeed. Don't I tell little Jamie most wonderful fairy tales, as soberly as if I believed in them with all my heart and soul; and even help him hunt for the tiny elves under green leaves and in nodding flower-cups? Blessings on that beautiful, innocent belief of childhood, — let the little ones keep and enjoy it as long as possible.

"Why can't I ever catch the fairies?" asks Jamie, wistfully. "I have seen so many; but, when I reach for them, they are gone."

"Poor little man!" and I smile into the puzzled blue eyes; "but suppose I were to tell you that you do see the flower fairies, — that you are living right amongst them all the time."

"Why, Cousin Mame, I live with *people*."

"True; and that is what I mean. Did you never notice, Jamie, how much people and flowers are alike? No? I must show you then. Do you remember the crocus, that brave little flower, the first to spring up, though the ground be still covered with snow and ice?"

"Yes, Cousin Mame."

"Now, I know a lady who is wonderfully like the crocus blossom; brave and bright and cheery always; brightest and cheeriest when things look dark and gloomy; when her dear children are sick, or her friends worried and anxious, or" —

"Mamma, it is mamma!" cries Jamie.

"Yes, she is the crocus fairy. Tell another, please."

"Another is mignonette fairy; quiet and modest in looks and dress, but loved for the sweetness of her loving, helpful deeds. Who is that, Jamie?"

"Sister Annie. I do like this new *big* kind of fairies so much."

His eyes ask for more, so I continue: "I know a little rosebud fairy, sweet and fair and good; but once in a while, I am sorry to say, showing a little sharp thorn of temper when he has to stay indoors or Charlie takes his toys away."

Jamie's lashes droop over shy, conscious eyes; and I ask, "What work have the fairies you were hunting for to-day?"

"Oh," says Jamie, glad to ignore the rosebud fairy, "they take care of their flowers, and chase all the ugly old bugs and weeds away."

"Then that is what the 'big fairies,' as you call them, ought to do, — chase away the weeds of discontent and selfishness, and keep the thorns of temper from growing large and sharp, that their heart gardens may be always sweet and bright. Do you understand, pet?"

"Yes," says Jamie, whispering with his good-night kiss, "I will try and be a good little rosebud fairy, Cousin Mame, and make you forget all about the thorns."

Bless his loving little heart! I know he will!

CARL ERTON.

For The Dayspring.

LITTLE MOUSE.

A LITTLE mouse
Lived in a house
Behind the cupboard door;
Whence he would come,
And eat each crumb
That fell upon the floor.

Then, in his hole,
The mouse would roll
Himself up like a ball;
And quiet keep,
Or go to sleep, —
And that was about all.

One day the cat
Smelled mouse or rat,
Behind the cupboard door;
She hunted 'round,
And soon she found
A mouse-hole in the floor.

Then Sue and Fred,
And Tom and Ned,
Set up a noisy shout;
With stick and club,
And great hubbub,
They drove the poor mouse out.

"Now for some fun:
See mouseie run!
Quick, shut the door!" said Sue.

"Fie, Pussy Cat!
Did you see that?"
And Pussy answered, "Mew!"

Half dead with fright,
The door in sight,
Quick for it mouseie ran.
He leaped the sill
With right good will,—
Now catch him if you can!

AUNT CLARA.

NORTH ANDOVER, Mass.

For The Dayspring.

THE LILY'S SURPRISE.

SUNK into the slimy soil of the pond, lay the roots of the Lily whose name it bears. Through the water rose the slender stems, and upon its surface rested the broad leaves. But, as the flower felt the buds which should soon unfold, pressing against her heart, she sadly thought, How can any but noisome, unsightly blossoms spring from such a source? Why might I not live in the forest, like my stately cousin, whose crimson glory illumines its darkness like a ray of sunlight? or better, like my beautiful sister of the garden, why might not I also rest my feet in the tender sod in the midst of beauty and fragrance, bringing forth flowers of such perfected loveliness that painters have delighted to place

them in their pictures of the holy mother of Him who has made them immortal?

But I will not despair, though my feet rest in such impurity and I am denied the sweet influences that surround the lovely queens of forest and garden. Above me bend the skies, and the glad sunlight is all around me. The stars smile upon me at night, and the holy light of the moon will visit me. May not some tender influence from these bring, it not beauty, at least perfume to my longing heart?

So steadily turned the Lily her face heavenward. While deeper into the slime penetrated each little rootlet drawing from it the elements of life and strength, ever upward gazed the flower, lifting her expanding buds to the sunshine, and drinking in at night the pale beams of the moon and the soft radiance of the quiet stars.

No dust from the highway reached her, no busy humming bee or gay butterfly rested upon her, but at times cool shadows of tall trees bent caressingly over her and slender ferns nodded kindly from their mossy nooks.

These she saw not, nor the fair image reflected in the water beneath, for her gaze was ever upward; and, as her buds slowly unfolded, behold a marvel of beauty. Imprisoned in each exquisite cup were the golden gleam of the sunlight and the lustrous white of the moon's paler beams, while from them rose, like incense, a rare delicate perfume, which was not born alone of glad worship by day or of patient vigil by night, but which the noxious slimy soil had aided to impart.

F. B. T.

He that will eat the kernel must crack the nut.

When the fox preaches beware of your geese.

GOLD goes in at any gate except heaven's.

THE LITTLE BOY THAT WISHED.

THERE was a little boy, with two little eyes,
And he had a little head that was just the proper
size,
And two little arms, and two little hands;
On two little legs the little boy stands.

Now this little boy would now and then be cross,
Because he could only be the very thing he was;
He wanted to be this, and then he wanted to be
that,
His head was full of wishes underneath his little
hat!

"I wish I was a drummer to beat a kettle-drum;
I wish I was a giant to say fee-fo-fi-fum;
I wish I was a captain to go sailing in a ship;
I wish I was a huntsman to crack a pretty whip.

"I wish I was a horse to go sixty miles an hour;
I wish I was the man that lives in the light-house
tower;
I wish I was a sea-gull with two very long wings;
I wish I was a traveller to sell all sorts of things.

"I wish I was a carpenter; I wish I was a lord;
I wish I was a soldier, with a pistol and a sword;
I wish I was the man that goes high up in a balloon;
I wish, I wish, I wish I could be something else,
and soon!"

But all the wishing in the world is not a bit of use;
That little boy this very day he stands in his own
shoes;

That little boy is still but little Master What-do-you
call,

As much as if that little boy had never wished at
all!

He eats his bread and butter, and he likes it very
much;

He grubs about, and bumps his head, and bowls his
hoop, and such;

And his father and his mother say, "Thank the
gracious powers,

Those wishes cannot wish away that little boy of
ours!"

Good Things.

HE that goes borrowing goes sorrowing.
ALL are not hunters that blow the horn.
THE discontented man finds no easy chair.

HUMOROUS.

A MAN went out the other night to see if
he could ascertain the color of the wind, and
found it blew.

"What's the matter with you, my pet?"
"O aunty! I just went to touch a little
chickey, and the old hen growled at me and
bit me with her nose!"

"Mamma," said youngster Paul, at the
breakfast table, "I had a beautiful dream
last night."

"What was it?" said "Mamma."

"I dreamed that I had my five-and-a-half-
year-old birthday. Wasn't that funny,
Mamma?"

A schoolboy, being asked by the teacher
how he should flog him, replied: "If you
please, sir, I should like to have it on the
Italian system, — the heavy strokes upwards,
and the down ones light."

One morning a little four-year-old boy
lay awake in his crib. His head seemed to
be stopped with a cold. After vainly suf-
fering for a while, to clear it, he exclaimed:
"Mamma, what is the matter with one side
of my nose; *it won't go?*"

Some one played a joke on an English
paper, by sending the following as an old
Latin inscription: —

LSABILLI.HERES.AGO.

.FORTIBUS.ES.IN.ARO.

NOSCE.MARI.THEBE.TRUX

.VOTIS.INNEM...PES.AN.DUX.

The next day there was sent him the fol-
lowing correct translation: —

I say, Billy, here's a go!

Forty 'buses in a row;

No; see, Mary, they be trucks

Vat is in 'em? Peas and ducks.

THE WILD APPLE-TREE.

On the side of a hill, which sloped gently towards the south, there was a fine old orchard. It was sheltered from every keen and biting wind, and it enjoyed all the warmest sunshine of the year. No wonder, then, that its fruit was quite famous, as being the largest, the richest, and the ripest in the country round.

One day in autumn, the gardener, who had charge of it, and who was proud enough of his charge, said to his master, as he passed through the orchard, —

“That tree must come down, sir; it is nothing but a crab.”

“What, that pretty little tree, James?” said the gentleman; and nine-year-old-Effie, who held her father’s hand, looked up in wonder, and repeated, “Oh, that dear little tree!”

It was a very pretty-looking tree; and Effie called to mind how gay it had been with flowers in the spring-time, outdoing many an older tree in the garden of whose fruit there was no doubt.

But now, as Effie and her father and the gardener stood and looked at it, there were only a few small, round, red apples on it. One of these the gardener plucked off, and gave to his master.

“Yes, James,” he said, “it is nothing but a crab, and I suppose it must come down. I hoped it was going to be a sort of golden pippin. I wonder how it came here.”

Effie was anxious to know what a “crab” was, and she begged her father to tell her. He gave her the apple which James had gathered, and bade her taste it. It was rather hard, and Effie could scarcely bite a piece off; but the taste she had was enough for her, for it brought the water into her eyes, and, when she could get her mouth into shape for speaking, she asked her father why so pretty a tree had so nasty a fruit.

Her father turned to the old gardener and said, “Now, James, you tell Miss Effie about it, and what you mean to do; for I think you might do more with it by letting it stand than by cutting it down.”

“Well, Miss Effie,” said the old gardener, “this is a wild apple-tree, and that is the best kind of fruit such a one can bear, and that is not worth growing an apple-tree for. But I think, as my master says, we might do something with it; for, if I were to *graft* it early next year, in a few seasons we might have some right good fruit upon it, and that would be better than taking it down.”

So when early spring came all the boughs of the pretty-looking but sour-fruited tree were cut off, and not so much as a leaf-bud of its own left. Then James took cuttings from three or four good sorts of apple-trees and grafted them on the freshly-cut boughs of the wild one, and kept them in the places he wished them to grow from by great lumps of clay, which he pressed close round each graft.

The little tree looked very sadly. It had no beautiful blossoms on it that year, nor had it any leaves except a few which the shoots that James had grafted on its boughs put forth. And Effie pitied the little tree, for, as her brother said, it looked like a soldier who had been in the wars, and was forced to be bandaged and plastered up because of the wounds he had received.

In a few years, however, the grafts were grown into new boughs; and as James had, to please Miss Effie, chosen shoots from trees whose fruit ripened at different times, the wild apple-tree became one of the best in the orchard, and many a basket of rosy apples did Effie gather from its boughs.

The Children’s Prize.

COVETOUSNESS brings nothing home.

BOOK NOTICE.

LITTLE CLASSICS. *Childhood*. James R. Osgood and Company. This volume makes the tenth of the fine series these publishers are issuing. It contains nine choice stories for the young, well worth any one's reading. This whole series is worthy the attention of those who have the charge of libraries.

THE ANNUAL CONTRIBUTION.

The Sunday School Society will call upon the churches this year for their contributions in aid of its work, on the *second Sunday in June*.

It has been customary to make this call on the second Sunday in May. But, for many reasons, a change is this year made, as far as the general call is concerned. The churches will of course suit their own convenience in regard to the time; but they are most earnestly besought to remember the need of the Society, and to be generous to the cause it represents.

Puzzles.

10.

CHARADE.

Of all that is true
And holy to you,
My first a symbol divine;
My second, no doubt
Already found out,
Stands clear in every line.

Of puzzles, a kind
My whole will remind,
And harmless quite, when compound;
If not, it's so bad
That all would be glad
To hear nevermore its sound.

11.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in note, but not in bill;
My second in house, but not in mill;
My third is in gleam, but not in light;
My fourth is in blue, but not in white;
My fifth is in name, but not in noun;
My sixth is in mart, but not in town;
My seventh in bat, but not in ball;
My eighth is in write, but not in scrawl;
My ninth is in trade, but not in buy;
My tenth is in cloud, but not in sky;
Eleventh in bird, but not in lark;
My twelfth is in eve, but not in dark;
Thirteenth is in skill, but not in art;
Of sermon of Christ, my whole is part.

12.

WORD-SQUARE.

To cook; surface; for fastening and unfastening;
a point of compass.

M.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

7. — April Fool.

8. — V agabond S
I m P
O phi R
L ev I
E de N
T wi G

Violet — Spring.

9. — M O O N
O T T O
O T H O
N O O N

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